

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXIX
No. 2463

and BYSTANDER

London
Sept. 22, 1948



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

★ John Jameson & Son, Ltd., Bow Street Distillery, Dublin

JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S 7 YEARS OLD



By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers

Cerebos

The "finest" salt

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE

While still restricted at home we are exporting again

BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. THE KING

Red Hackle

DE LUXE
SCOTCH WHISKY

PROPRIETORS *Herbert Ross* GLASGOW

FOR THE DISCRIMINATING

HARDEN'S

BLEND OF
CHINA AND EMPIRE TEA

A HARDEN PRODUCT - 4/10 PER POUND

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY LTD.,
121 CANNON STREET, E.C.4

Fine leather goods

Finnigans

OF BOND STREET

LONDON • MANCHESTER • CAMBERLEY • TRURO

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL

INSURANCE
CORPORATION,

LTD.

83 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



Cocktail dress in black poul, the dainty lace frillings and draped corsage make this an ideal choice. **£17.6.0** (7 coupons) Model Gowns — First Floor

Debenham & Freebody

LAngham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

The New Two-look

The Decorative 'gold' front to be worn either up or down



Rayne

AGENCIES FOR RAYNE SHOES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Frances Leopold

MODELS



Dress in moss crepe, designed for formal occasions. In Black, Navy, Turquoise, Lime, Powder Blue. Size 36-40. 7 coupons. **£14.6.9**

OBTAINABLE FROM

peter robinson

ALL-ON-ONE-FLOOR FASHION SHOP

OXFORD CIRCUS LONDON, W.1

From the New Small Size and Younger Set Shop

... this immaculately tailored coat from fine quality duvetyn material has the new collar and defined waist. In Black and Brown.

Three small sizes. **£21.19.3**
15 Coupons

... chosen from a lovely collection of individual models for the Younger Set and Small Size

Fourth Floor

Swan & Edgar

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

REQent 1616



The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

SEPTEMBER 22, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX. No. 2463

THIS ISSUE

Queen Juliana Enthroned. The enthronement of Princess Juliana as Queen of the Netherlands was an occasion of great popular rejoicing in Holland, where the Princess has shared equally with her mother the love and esteem of the people. Princess Margaret was present at the ceremonies as the dignified and charming representative of the King and Queen. Photographs of the inauguration will be found on pages 366-9, and Jennifer writes of it on page 364.

Braemar Centenary. A great anniversary was celebrated at the Braemar Highland Games this year, for it is a hundred years since Queen Victoria first visited them, and every year since Royalty has been present. The King and Queen received a special presentation to mark the occasion. See page 363.

Yachting at Burnham. One of the half-dozen chief sailing centres, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex, held a most successful Yachting Week to finish the season. It proved once again that the passing of the big yachts is more than compensated by the increased number of small ones which are sailed and raced. Pages 360-1.

Taplow Horse Show. This popular Thames Valley event was held recently under excellent conditions, and attracted much support, including entries from a large number of younger riders. Pictures on page 362.

Polo-Crosse. Much discussion is likely to be aroused in sporting circles by the new game of polo-crosse which Sabretache describes briefly, with a photograph, on page 372.



QUEEN WILHELMINA'S FAREWELL

Moving scenes marked the end of Queen Wilhelmina's tenure of the throne of the Netherlands, through ill-health, after a reign of fifty years. She is seen on her arrival at Amsterdam, waving to the great concourse of her subjects assembled for the Jubilee celebrations which lasted for a week. With her is Princess (now Queen) Juliana, Prince Bernhard and their four children. On her abdication, Queen Wilhelmina took the title of Princess of the Netherlands



The New Queen of the Netherlands with Prince Bernhard and the principal guests, a photograph taken after Queen Juliana's inauguration at Amsterdam. Princess Margaret is standing by the side of the Earl of Athlone, and in front Crown Princess Beatrix, eldest daughter of the Queen, is holding the infant Princess Marijke on her lap. More pictures of the Royal guests will be found on pages 366 and 367

Some Portraits in Print

MANY who saw the film of the ceremonies at the accession of Queen Juliana may have been struck by the contribution made by much of the crowd to the picturesque quality of the scene.

This may have been largely a camera illusion. The Dutch are not our superiors in comely physique, nor is Dutch weather any less foul than ours.

Yet the impression was of a gay and colourful populace.

Here we rightly pride ourselves on the glory of our State ceremony—of the players in the pageant—but we, the spectators, appear as a sad and shoddy lot. I was reminded of this last week at the State opening of Parliament. In the Mall there was vivid display, the sun shone from a blue sky, and the green of the Park foliage seemed springlike, but we who happened to be watching were a neutral mass of drab greys and browns.

No medals for Mr. Mackintosh, the patron saint of the "Englishman's native dress" to-day.

GOING back to visit the Tower of London again after the years provokes feelings that are hard to arrange to one's satisfaction.

I have always thought it an alarming place, and it played little if any part in my childhood pride in our island story. Advancing years have brought me little further comprehension of the medieval mind; I can understand its conception of humanity as little as its ideas on domestic sanitation.

Was it possible that men were ever capable of inflicting these appalling tortures—the "rack" and the "iron boot"? Of making gaudy and formal ceremonies of the act of beheading? No, no, I used to think when I had been taken

home by father or uncle; and perhaps in my prayers thanked God that such things no longer existed.

The years have passed. . . .

"Ess," said a man in front of us in the Beauchamp Tower. "Ess must have found all this just 'is cup of tea.'"

He was gazing at the autograph of Rudolph Hess, a signature of the stay of Hitler's deputy in May, 1941.

I had been invited to accompany two young ladies to the Tower and, with one thing and another, their visit was a success—especially the Crown Jewels (which always seemed, to my mind, to be far too good to be true, and more likely to have been borrowed from the late Willie Clarkson's theatrical shop.)

We climbed the White Tower and we descended into its awesome dungeons, we read the inscription signed by Philip Howard, Duke of Norfolk, before his execution—"the more suffering for Christ in this world, the more Glory with Christ in the next," and we listened to the sinister cackling of the ravens. Yet all the time there was an air of expectation.

"When," they asked, "do we come to the torturing part?"

I had recalled a rather imposing display of those nightmare instruments. But they seemed to have been moved; and there seemed to be fewer of them.

"Is this all?" I was asked.

An attendant, on inquiry, said: "There was a lot of the torturing stuff lost when the bomb fell, they say—anyway, that's what they say." Perhaps it is wiser with London crowded as seldom before with foreign visitors to place more emphasis on such exhibits as the cloak on which General Wolfe died at Quebec or the full-dress

uniforms of the late Duke of Connaught. But there are still quite enough clubs, maces, flails, javelins, pikes, halberds and battleaxes to satisfy the most barbarous-minded young visitor.

One thing struck me: the smallness of the breastplates and armour worn by the ordinary medieval soldier. The knight-at-arms, seated on his huge Flanders charger and encased in his riveted suit may have looked all very majestic and inspiring from the ground level—but the P.B.I. at the time of Crécy and Agincourt seem to have been of pigmy-stature. I should put the average height at under five feet.

Now, the knight of those days may well have fed on underdone roast beef, but the ordinary Englishman's diet then was as vegetarian as that of the soldiers of Caesar's invading armies a thousand years before—bread and lentils, cheese and buttermilk. And these were the boys who did the job, leaving the glory to the knights.

The meat eaters never conquered the world, says Bernard Shaw somewhere. Nor peopled it.

I WONDER whether any further light will ever be shed on the mystery of Captain Thomas Blood, who should have been hanged, drawn and quartered for his theft of the Crown Jewels in Charles II's reign, but escaped any punishment—indeed, enjoyed Royal patronage after his exploit.

One theory has always been that Blood was really engaged by Charles's agents to steal the crown, so that money could be raised on it; another, and simpler, theory is that Charles could never resist an engaging scoundrel even if he was guilty.

Captain Blood was certainly a scoundrel, it would seem.

"He has not only a daring, but a villainous, unmerciful look," wrote Evelyn. "A false countenance, but very well spoken and dangerously insinuating."

There is little to work on, as the late Lord Birkenhead found when he amused himself by investigating the mystery, for Blood was never even brought to trial for the theft, and, when he finally got caught by another charge some years later, he promptly died in prison.

Even then he was a centre of mystery, as it was rumoured that the burial was a sham.

Of all the host of characters who have passed across the Tower stage, well-spoken Captain Blood was not the least engaging, and certainly one of the least bloodstained.

PERHAPS the origin of the Tower visit was a promise I had made myself to attend a service at nearby St. Botolph's, Aldgate, to celebrate the work of the S.P.C.K. in reforming "actors and convicts."

I had hoped to see the church well filled with some of our leading West End theatrical waywards; perhaps even an Aldgate black marketeer or two. Alas, my promise to myself was unfulfilled and I heard of the service only at second-hand.

The celebration referred to the work of the Society some time ago, indeed, back to Captain Blood's days, when the Restoration drama achieved a degree of bawdiness which made many blush, and was not to be reached again in the West End theatre until our now more "enlightened" times (e.g. the recent year's run of *The Relapse*). The S.P.C.K. referred to such plays then as "the evil influence of this licentious drama." Nowadays we call them "educational," and escape paying entertainment tax.

Some early records of the Society which have been shown me reveal the great work which it did in the prisons of those days, and on lines some of which seem to be applicable to certain aspects of our prison system even today. But the protest against the "unlimited use of Wine, Brandy and other Strong Liquors, even by condemn'd malefactors" strikes a strange note. The "Swearing, Cursing, Blaspheming, Gaming, etc., daily practiced by both Officers and Prisoners" has a distinct touch of Beachcomber's "Narkover School" about it.

ASAD little story of a golf course—a story which has the qualities of a parable—has come my way.

The golf course was the pre-war one in Vienna, which some time ago the British, Americans and French thought to restore to playable condition. That some of the eighteen holes ran into the Russian Zone did not deter them, for they shared the Russians' enthusiasm for the sport of racing and were confident that, even if golf was not a Muscovite pastime, the language of sport is international. So they went to work on the greens and fairways, moving slowly towards the Russian Zone.

Then the trouble started. Would it be the only golf course, asked the Russians? What were the plans for other courses? Who would be the players? Names, birthplaces, please. At what hours was it proposed to play this game, no mention of which had been made under the original inter-Allied pacts for the Occupation.

And then came the day when some pioneer players on the half-finished course were arrested, and their clubs carried off under armed guard. Obviously, the whole thing was a plot by the pro-Fascist powers.

The Russians may even have thought it highly improbable that grown men should want to hit a little ball about with a club without some ulterior (political) motive; that I do not know.

A sad story.

—Gordon Beckles

LINES ON THE TELEPHONE

Black-bodied mystery whose shining dial
Contains ten holes, one for each toe or finger.
Let me, to start with, study you awhile;
My "O" will not reprove me if I linger.

You must be read from right to left, I find,
Or anti-clockwise, like Semitic writing.
Does spelling backwards stimulate the
mind
Or does it just make phoning more exciting?

I'd like to go on asking more and more
But now, I see, you have no Q for Query;
And, speech-box, since you find to "COPE" a
"BORE"
Let's skip it. Give me a few wrong numbers,
dearie.

How do you know when I dial S.O.S.
I don't mean P.O.P. or seven-o-seven?
Is it telepathy, a lucky guess
Or special revelation straight from Heaven?

You spell, I notice, "HIM" and "GIN" the same—
A somewhat cynical association—
But when it comes to "LIPS" and "KISS"—
for shame!
"O," do you really stand for Osculation?

—Justin Richardson



CAPT. F. R. PARHAM, D.S.O. captain of the Vanguard, which is preparing for a "shakedown" cruise to Gibraltar and Malta, a final rehearsal in their duties for the crew of 1,600, preparatory to taking the King and Queen to Australia and New Zealand next year. Capt. Parham as captain of the cruiser Belfast, escorted the King in an inspection of Scapa Flow just before D-Day, and early in his career he was a midshipman on the battleship Malaya, on which the King was then a lieutenant.

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Rain on the Just"
(Aldwych)

IT is a pity that so many have likened this exciting first play to *The Cherry Orchard*. A high compliment, of course, yet of the sort rather likely to turn a new play which deserves a long run into a *succès d'estime*.

The pleasure that Mr. Peter Watling's story offers is not particularly Tchegovian. True, his theme is the decay of a great estate under changing conditions, but so long as there are great estates to decay they will do it in their own ways, not necessarily the Russian way, and make their own distinct drama.

Nobody could be less like Madame Ramevsky—the charming, feckless, Russian lady dreamily watching her inheritance go to pieces—than Lady Corbel wearing herself to death in the struggle to discharge the responsibilities of a historic house on a small income. Cleves is decaying because it has lasted into a world which regards such houses as curiosities and not because its mistress—that indefatigable cyclist—lacks the will or the energy to keep its tradition alive.

PERHAPS she would succeed against odds—at the expense of her health, perhaps of her reason—in prolonging the tradition for a few more years; but her elder son, who has inherited all of his mother's will and none of her romanticism, is determined that she shall not go on trying. So he lunches with a gentleman from the National

Trust. Cleves is dead, and he is willing that it should be suitably embalmed.

There is nothing Tchegovian in the tooth-and-nail conflict in which mother and son engage. They are noble antagonists, asking no quarter and giving none, she as implacably a romantic as he is a realist. They fight to the bitter end, and there is nothing sentimental about the end.

THE mother is left an exhausted and wretched old woman. Nicholas has arranged for the house to be requisitioned by the War Office and there is not even a hope that the handsome old place will be coddled into a preternatural old age. Nicholas has had his way, but the price he pays is that the woman he loves has grown a little afraid of him. Half in love with his malicious wit and lively sensibility, his intellectual brilliance and even his arrogance, she is yet repelled by the callousness inherent in an uncompromising rationalism.

It is by the conflict between mother and son that the play makes its mark. Other people suffer by the way, but they are important only to the plot. Only Lady Cleves and Sir Nicholas are real, and it is the arresting quality of their reality which proves Mr. Watling a dramatist of some promise.

Another Tchegov? Good heavens, no! I think he has been less influenced by Tchegov than by Mr. Somerset Maugham. He has Mr. Maugham's

detachment, and he has also the calculating coolness with which Mr. Maugham exposes some complicated psychological state of mind by a sudden, violent and only just credible action. As, for instance, when the gentle wife who feels her unborn babe threatened by the persecution of a mentally undeveloped girl turns on the apparently harmless creature with a riding whip. It is something which she just might do; anyway, it dramatically clarifies a doubtful situation. *Rain on the Just*, so far from being an inferior version of *The Cherry Orchard*, has, to my thinking, more affinities with *The Sacred Flame* of Mr. Maugham, though it is a better play.

MR. MICHAEL DENISON's performance of the elder son is a great piece of luck for the author. One cannot imagine the part better played. The diehard mother, necessarily a more conventional portrait, is exquisitely acted by Miss Marie Ney. The rest of the cast—Mr. Geoffrey Keen, as the younger brother who is fond of Cleves but would much rather be digging for archaeological remains in Greece, Miss Dulcie Gray, as the gentle girl who suffers most and Miss Eileen Peel—are handicapped by being called on to deal with characters who are merely useful to the plot and are in themselves nothing much. Miss Pauline Winter admirably sketches the daughter who is "a half sharp."



Fall of the House of Cleves. Sir Nicholas Corbel, Bt. (Michael Denison) informs the company that he is arranging for the great mansion of Cleves to be requisitioned by the War Office. The effect on his mother, Lady Corbel (Marie Ney) is shattering, but modified approval is expressed by his brother Justin and wife (Geoffrey Keen and Dulcie Gray), his fiancée Audrey Huelin (Eileen Peel), and Dr. Strachan (Edgar Norfolk). The butler Troke (Scott Harrold) prudently conceals profound misgivings and the response of Constance Corbel (Pauline Winter), just in from a ratting expedition, is similarly enigmatic



Photograph by F. J. Goodman

JEAN COCTEAU, the celebrated French surrealist poet, playwright and film producer and undisputed leader of the vanguard of French literature until the arrival of Jean-Paul Sartre, has recently been on holiday in Venice. He is seen there with Mme. Alexandre Mnouchkine, wife of the French producer of his remarkable play *The Eagle Has Two Heads*. Mme. Mnouchkine is a daughter of Nicholas Hannen, the actor, and granddaughter of the late Sir Nicholas John Hannen, one time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for China and Japan

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Saint and Sinner

THE cinema is not rich in Lives of the Saints, being probably more at home with sinners. Now at last here comes *Monsieur Vincent* (Curzon) to show Hollywood and the rest of the film world a close-up of a saint which is also a picture of the greatest distinction.

Prizes are often little but artificial stimulants to expectation. *Monsieur Vincent* surpasses all such expectation not by fireworks, spectacular or histrionic, but by faithful concentration on its model, St. Vincent de Paul. The director (Maurice Cloche) has let the character inspire, impregnate every aspect of the film. In an age of widespread depravity, of worldly splendour side by side with the darkest poverty and misery, Vincent de Paul showed seventeenth-century France the way back to simplicity and humility; so the film gives a simple, straightforward account of incidents from his life.

Vincent de Paul was literally the sole moving spirit in the foundation of his Congregation of the Fathers of the Mission, his Servants of the Poor, his Sisters of Charity, his soup-kitchens, hospitals, and the rest of the fabulous work of charity established by his lone devotion and zeal; the film is similarly deliberately dominated by Pierre Fresnay as the humble priest who accomplished these things.

M. FRESNAY'S performance is the most remarkable I have ever seen on the screen. Stripped, like the film, of every irrelevance, every artificiality that could obscure Mr. Vincent's goodness, his inner strength, the steady fire of his love for every fellow-creature—the more wretched or repellent, the more to be loved—this is real cinema acting of the mind and the imagination, inspired on this occasion it is impossible to doubt. The performance is wonderfully serene, dignified in a simplicity none could mistake for naïveté.

There is nothing passive in this austere portrait of sanctity. Mr. Vincent's charity is dynamic; it suffers for every sufferer, glows whenever it meets goodness; it has driving force and a marvellous humour. When the priest is stoned inside his own churchyard, he turns round and, all wisdom, all tenderness and a hint of mischief in his smile, lobs the stone back at the boy who threw it. From that moment, the first time I saw the film, I gave up trying to keep my eyes dry.

INDEED this is a film that has to be seen more than once. The spectacle of concentrated goodness, naked and unadorned on the screen, is so unfamiliar as to dazzle. Seldom can so much art have been as selflessly concealed. A soundtrack which is a model of natural delicacy; the wealth of colourful action that is almost thrown away; sets and costumes of perfect elegance; and the superlative cast from Aimé Clariond as Richelieu, Gabrielle Dorziat, Lise Delamare and Yvonne Gardeau as the Ladies of Charity, to the unnamed actress who plays Marguerite Nazeau, the farm girl who came to offer herself as the first

Daughter of Charity, and Germaine Dermoz as Anne of Austria in her civilized old age in a wonderfully mellow *tête-à-tête* which is Mr. Vincent's last contact with the great world. All are merely the setting for the saint; and their achievement—and the director's—is to attract as little notice as a perfect translation. Mention of translation compels a tribute too to the exceptionally adequate English sub-titles written by George Slocombe.

IF *Monsieur Vincent* is inspiring evidence of the heights to which the cinema can after all rise, Hollywood's *Miracle of the Bells* (Tivoli) plumbs the depths to which it can descend.

The miracle offered for belief is the culmination of a campaign thought up by a Hollywood press-agent (Fred MacMurray) to boost the first film of a deceased actress (Valli). Frank Sinatra plays the priest in whose poor church the statues are seen to turn and look at the actress's coffin—and it is fair to say that Mr. Sinatra makes a more likely priest than Mr. Crosby and only croons once. But the religious taste is reminiscent of that so mercilessly exposed by Evelyn Waugh in *The Loved One*, the sentiment as ghoulishly gullible as the idolization of a dying girl satirized in *Nothing Sacred*.



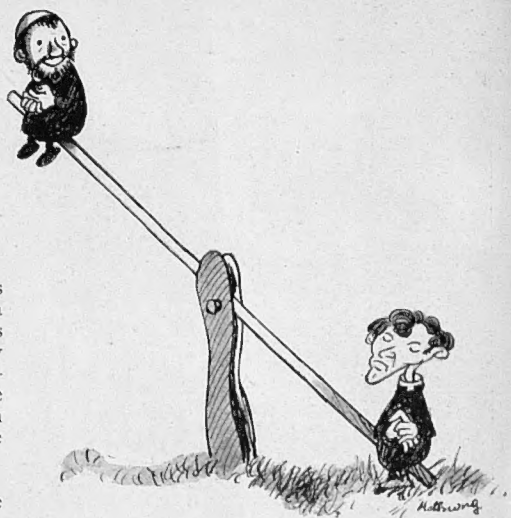
"The cinema is . . . probably more at home with sinners"

HAD it only been in sober black and white, *Saraband for Dead Lovers* would be the first British costume picture for a very long time to reach the level of the respectable historical novel. Perhaps the film does not recapture the full sense of oppressive horror which Helen Simpson built up in her description of the court of Hanover where poor Sophia Dorothea of Zell was forced to marry the oaf who was to become George I of England. It tones down the

hideousness of the revenge George took upon her lover Koenigsmark. But the fate of Sophia Dorothea herself and the portrait of those early Hanoverians are probably as hideous as could be borne on the screen, more brutal indeed than can be endured without outrage by any who retain a glimmer of Jacobite sentiment.

Accents are distributed at random. We have Frederick Valk's appropriate German as the old Elector of Hanover, Françoise Rosay's faint French as his Electress who might conceivably have spoken English—Mme Rcsay is otherwise magnificently impressive as the only figure in the family who remembers fine feelings and conceals them with elegant manners—while almost all the rest speak customary English, even Peter Bull as the future George I, who I believe never learned to do so. But this is an inconsistency easy to forgive for the sake of the style and substance of the performances.

Stewart Granger, as the handsome Koenigsmark has perhaps his first opportunity on the screen to justify his own popularity. Joan Greenwood makes the unhappy Sophia Dorothea the more pathetic for being something more than merely sweet and pretty; and with Jill Balcon as her lady-in-waiting, the presence of two young British



Heights to which cinematic saintliness can rise . . . depths it can plumb (Pierre Fresnay and Frank Sinatra)

actresses of personality and intelligence in one film is riches indeed. As the scheming, charmless Countess Platen, mistress of the Elector and of Koenigsmark, Flora Robson makes a triumph of the most thankless of parts, the unattractive woman grovelling to her former lover.

What a pity that all their excellent efforts are so largely undone by the most intolerably turgid Technicolor and deafening soundtrack it has been my misfortune to endure for some time.

BETTY HUTTON is a good deal less noisy and more endearing than usual in *Dream Girl* (Plaza), which turns out to be an agreeably amusing piece of aimless nonsense.

Mitchell Leisen, the director, has, ever since *Lady in the Dark*, been obsessed by the comedic resources of the unconscious. For a brief moment I had hopes that he was going to give us as glorious a burlesque of psychiatry as Miss Hutton's singings—less an informed parody of that ungente art. Miss Hutton's dreamy temperament develops however into just a handy pretext for her to indulge her versatility in dream sequences, from singing "One Fine Day" at the opera to outdoing Mae West and Marlene Dietrich in some South Sea night club. Macdonald Carey as a cynical journalist, is at hand to offer common sense patiently until she is ready to wake up to reality.

A HANDSOME gesture of thanks to the R.A.F. is the French film *Derrière ces Murs*, at the Continentale, Tottenham Court Road, with its dubbed English version *Behind These Walls* at the Berkeley next door. It seems a pity that both versions were not left with the original title *Jericho* after "Operation Jericho," the prison-breaking raid on Amiens prison to free the hostages (fifty according to the film) who were to be shot at dawn by the Germans. The authentic study of the mood of the waiting hostages is soberly effective, with a maddeningly clever picture of a collaborator by Pierre Brasseur, but the film seems not of the very first rank artistically and not in time for historic interest.

Audiences on the Continent see most of their British and American films with the actors' voices dubbed. Judging by the dubbing of *Behind These Walls* the process has improved since I last saw it. But the removal of half an actor's performance and personality still seems to me a sacrifice in the interests of popularization as indefensible as superfluous.

FLORA ROBSON as the Countess von Platen, Koenigsmark's discarded mistress in *Saraband for Dead Lovers*, reviewed above. It is she who precipitates the tragedy through her jealous watchfulness of Koenigsmark and Sophia Dorothea. Flora Robson made her first appearance on the stage at the Shaftesbury Theatre as Queen Margaret in *Will Shakespeare* in 1921, in which year she also gained the R.A.D.A. Bronze Medal. Since then she has made a place all her own, both on the stage and in films, as an actress of powerful and sombre rôles. She comes from Durham, but was educated in London, and now lives in Buckinghamshire where she is able to follow her favourite recreation of gardening between theatrical and screen engagements.





Crews boarding the launch which took them out to their yachts. Racing was held under the auspices of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club and the Crouch Yacht Club, and 200 ships competed

BURNHAM YACHTING WEEK

Last big fixture of a great summer for sail, the Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex, Week witnessed a magnificent rally of yachts and a packed programme of races



Miss Beryl Iago and Mr. L. H. Thwaytes in high spirits after returning from a sailing test



Mrs. F. G. Mitchell hands a packet of sandwiches to her husband, who is Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club



Brig. H. J. R. Jackson, secretary of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, with Mr. N. E. Dallimore, the official handicapper



Mr. S. W. Williams, with Rear-Admiral (E) W. G. Cowland and Mrs. Cowland, watch a race from outside the club-house



Sitting on the jetty: Miss P. Martin, Mrs. R. F. Brittain, who sailed the Dragon Ta Yen, Mrs. Keith Robinson and Mrs. Malcolm McPherson



Bill Robertson, Mr. N. C. Robertson, Mr. C. C. Booth, Commodore of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, and Lord Waleran



Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Fishburn, with their son and daughter, Paul and Jean, found that the banking provided an excellent vantage point



Dr. J. Sherlock, Mrs. Sherlock and Mr. Patrick Sherlock were three more who enjoyed a good week's sailing



Capt. E. S. Dawes and Mrs. Bill Dawes, well-loaded with sails, spars and rigging as they wait to put out to their yacht at the beginning of this very successful Week



Miss J. Sutherland, Miss J. Walsh and Miss Audrey Price favoured three different, but very practical, nautical styles



Sir Frank Spencer Spriggs talking to, W/Cdr. A. J. Briddon, secretary of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club



Mr. K. Fraser, who sailed Wraith, with Mrs. Fraser, Dr. V. Hegarty and Mr. "Bud" Mitchell



Miss J. Murray, Mr. A. Fowler, Miss A. Garrold and Mrs. J. Murray discuss the races in which they are sailing. Major J. Murray's Mokoia competed in the Handicap



Mr. C. Peto Bennett, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Miss Betty Craddock, Mr. R. M. Lemonius and Mrs. Peta Adamo



Susan List taking a fence on Honour Bright in the juvenile jumping. The Show was held at Amerden Ponds and entries were of a very high standard



Joanna Vanderfelt prepares her pony for an event, while Virginia Stow (right), a prize-winner in the Child's Novice Pony class, unsaddles her mount



Mrs. John Sim presenting a first prize to Christine Harries on Kavora Gem



Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley with Caroline Sim, daughter of the Secretary

At Taplow, Bucks, Horse Show and Gymkhana



Monty, smallest pony in the Show, ridden by four-year-old Marjorie Mayo, makes friends with Elizabeth Mayo's Kit



F. Collard, riding the champion pony Playtime, receives the trophy from Mrs. G. M. Volpe



Mrs. C. M. Keble and Mr. T. R. Boyd, who judged the Child's First Pony class



Mr. H. J. Fowlie, Mr. Harry Pates and Mr. G. Butler check off their programmes during an interval between events



The Countess of Norbury, who lives near Maidenhead, brought her son, Viscount Glandine, and "Charlie"



Miss Effie Barker, M.F.H., and Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, the successful Show rider, judged the Hunter class



The King and Queen, both wearing Highland dress, are presented with horn-handled hill climbing sticks by Mr. John Michie, J.P., President of the Braemar Royal Highland Society, and the Secretary, Mr. Joseph Grant, to celebrate the centenary of Queen Victoria's first visit. The weather held good for the Games, and some fine performances were seen



Braemar Celebrates a Hundred Years of Royal Visits

In September 1848 Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort travelled to Scotland by sea, and during their stay honoured the Gathering of the Highland Society of Braemar, at Invercauld House, with their presence. In succeeding years it took place several times at Balmoral as well as at Cluny Park, Invercauld again, and Old Mar Castle, and of late has been held in the Princess Royal Park at Braemar, a first-class natural arena. Annually since 1848 the Gathering has been the occasion of a Royal visit, and this year a crowd of 30,000, including many from overseas, were present to greet the King and Queen on the happy anniversary



Col. Lilburn of Coull, Mr. Thomas Innes of Learney and the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair were three prominent Scottish personalities at the Gathering



The Marquess of Huntly presents the Chiefs' Championship trophy to J. McLennan, of Alness, who won most of the "heavy" awards during the Games

Sannefer writes

HER SOCIAL

EVERYONE in this country will join in wishing Queen Juliana of Holland a long, happy and prosperous reign. Succeeding her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, now Princess of the Netherlands, fair-haired, blue-eyed Queen Juliana was very self-possessed and showed not the least trace of nerves as she took the central part in the solemn ritual of inauguration in front of all the members of the States-General in the Nieuwe Kerk. In a gown of sapphire-blue, surmounted by the Royal robe of red trimmed with ermine, which her mother wore at her own inauguration fifty years before, the new Queen, with her husband at her side in the uniform of a Lieutenant-General of the Dutch Army, took her vows in a clear, firm voice.

In front of her was the Crown of the Netherlands, with the sceptre and orb of her kingdom: but in accordance with the democratic tradition of Holland, she did not take up these symbols of her Royal power. Out of the old church she walked, the fifth monarch of the Netherlands, her head still covered only by the cap of silk, fringed with pearls and surmounted by one large diamond, which she had worn when she entered the church. But about her rang the cheers of thousands of her new subjects, and towards her person turned the same love and affection the Dutch have felt for so many years for her mother.

GRAND pageantry and elaborate ceremonial are foreign to the simple, straightforward character of the Dutch, and the celebrations at The Hague and the Royal Palace, and at the Nieuwe Kerk itself, where the inauguration took place, were bare of some of the trappings which to English eyes form the usual setting for scenes of such historic importance. But the red, white, blue and orange flag of the Netherlands, and the orange streamers that are the Royal colours, were lavishly displayed, and the illuminations when Queen Juliana took Princess Margaret and her other Royal guests for an evening cruise round the canals of old Amsterdam turned the city into a showplace of gaiety. University students added a bright touch of colour to the scene outside the Palace on the night of the State banquet by parading as a guard of honour in old-style uniforms with plumed hats.

PRINCESS MARGARET achieved a very great personal success during her visit to Holland for the inauguration, which was her first visit abroad and her first appearance as the fully-fledged official representative of her father and mother at a big international event. When she arrived at Balmoral, the Princess had much to tell the King and Queen of her stay with the hospitable, friendly Dutch; of the great, almost overwhelming reception the loyal folk of the Netherlands had given their long-loved Princess as she took her solemn vows as their new Queen, and of the atmosphere of cheerful confidence and happiness that she found everywhere she went.

The King and Queen learned of Princess Margaret's personal success from Lady Halifax, the Duke of Beaufort, Lady Margaret Egerton and W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, who accompanied her as her suite-in-attendance: they all painted a vivid picture of the enthusiasm which Princess Margaret evoked on each of her appearances in public, and of the warmth of affection which she aroused by her simple, modest and unassuming demeanour among members of the Royal House of Orange. No one visiting a foreign country could have received a more wholehearted demonstration than did the Princess.

BESIDE the glittering insignia of the Grand Cross of the Netherlands Lion, with which Queen Juliana invested her as one of the first acts of her reign, Princess Margaret brought personal presents for the King and Queen, for Queen Mary, and for Princess Elizabeth, from the new Queen and her consort, Prince Bernhard, as well as many loving messages, for the personal relationships between the two Royal Houses are very close indeed. The King makes no secret of his high regard for the former Queen Wilhelmina—a regard fostered and developed by the quiet strength and unflinching determination she showed so clearly during the time she was in this country as a refugee from Hitler. Now that the aged Queen has retired from the public scene to lead the quiet life she loves amid her flowers, with her bicycle as a favourite means of transport, she still holds a place of honour in the thoughts of the King and Queen as she does in the minds of all her former subjects.

The British Ambassador, Sir Philip Nichols, and the Canadian Ambassador, Mr. Pierre Dupuy, both gave luncheon parties for Princess Margaret during her visit, and when she said good-bye to her Royal hosts before she left in one of the aircraft of the King's Flight to return home, she told them with great sincerity that she hoped it would not be long before she could pay another visit to Holland.

THE Netherlands Ambassador and Mme. Michiels van Verduynen gave a reception at Claridges to celebrate the enthronement of H.R.H. Princess Juliana as Queen of the Netherlands. Guests were the Netherlands colony in London and friends of the Royal House of Orange. Huge baskets of flowers decorated the reception-room, while blooms were massed in the large ballroom and pink roses were in profusion on the long buffet, giving a decorative gaiety to the scene. Mme. Verduynen received the guests, who included many members of the Government and the Diplomatic Corps, with her husband.

Princess Margaret paid a visit to Aalsmeer, the great flower market near Amsterdam, during her stay in Holland. For it she wore a hat charmingly embroidered with forget-me-nots

JOURNAL

I WENT up to Edinburgh for a few days before the end of the Festival and found visitors loud in their praise and enthusiasm for all they had seen and heard. Their only worry seemed to be how they could fit everything in. The new Lord Provost, the Rt. Hon. Andrew Murray, has carried on the splendid work started by Sir John Falconer (who is still on the executive committee) in doing all he can to help the Festival, and with his sister, Miss Rodney Murray, the Lady Provost, held official receptions nearly every evening at the Festival Club in honour of the visiting artists, to which guests from all parts of the world were invited.

I was interested to hear of individual sponsors of the enterprise overseas. Sir John Falconer was a tremendously popular Ambassador on his recent visit to New Zealand, in consequence of which there were many New Zealanders attending this year's Festival. Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston, whose husband is at our Embassy in Paris, had organised a Paris committee of friends of the Edinburgh Festival and was responsible for many French visitors. She was over for the opening, staying with her brother, Earl Haig, at Bemersyde.

MISS AUDREY COOK, of Montreal, helped to sponsor the Festival in Canada. She is a sister of the Countess of Minto and the Countess of Haddington; the latter this year did a splendid job by arranging hospitality among her friends around Edinburgh for the artists, so that they could see something of the lovely Scottish countryside. The Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale had several lunch parties for them, and so did Lord and Lady Wakehurst, Mrs. Balfour of Newton Don, who has such a wonderful cook; Lady Victoria Wemyss, Mrs. Baillie, Lady Reay, Mrs. Sitwell and Lord and Lady Polwarth, whose guests one Sunday went on later to dine at Mellerstain with the Earl and Countess of Haddington. Lady Jean Bertie gave two Sunday luncheon parties for the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and another Sunday the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch gave a party for the Glyndebourne Opera Company at Drumlanrig.

THE Earl and Countess of Rosebery had guests staying at Dalmeny House all through the Festival, including the Princess Royal, and the Earl of Harewood, who came straight on from the Salzburg Festival. Other guests at Dalmeny House included

Sir John and Lady Anderson, Kathleen Long, the pianist, Mrs. Valentine Fleming, Lord and Lady Burnham, Lady Diana Abdy and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. Both the Princess Royal and her son are great music-lovers, and were often to be seen at the morning concerts with their hostess as well as at the opera and symphony concerts later in the day. I saw them listening to Yehudi Menuhin and Gregor Piatigorsky, who were the soloists that evening with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult; sitting with H.R.H. was the Countess of Rosebery, very good-looking in black embroidered in silver; Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell and Lady Diana Abdy. Two members of the audience at this concert were Yehudi Menuhin's small son and daughter, who sat listening attentively with their

of excitement. I personally enjoyed it enormously. The Glyndebourne Opera Company, who always keep up their wonderfully high standard, produced *Così Fan Tutte*, in which Mariano Stabile, back from Italy, gave an outstanding performance, and *Don Giovanni*, in which Ljuba Welitsch, who is shortly to be heard at Covent Garden, played Donna Anna. During my stay I met Mr. Rudolph Byng, who, as Artistic Director of the Festival, deserves a lot of credit for the success of these enjoyable weeks.

ONE afternoon I went to the exhibition in the Signet Library of rare embroidery and old lace shown in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs, for their Fund. It included nearly 250 exquisite pieces of work, many of which had never been exhibited before.

I saw the Shrewsbury Hanging, the Mariah Hanging, and the Cavenish Hanging, with a Valence, all worked by Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury and their ladies at Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire, about 1570. These lovely pieces were lent by Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld. There was another valence in petit-point embroidery said to have been worked by Mary Queen of Scots and the four Maries during the second half of the sixteenth century, depicting Daniel being hauled out of the Lions' Den, with all the figures in costume of the sixteenth-century period. This was lent by the Duke of Buccleuch. Here was a little christening-robe of superb Ayrshire embroidery lent by Lady Broun Lindsay, who is an authority on this work and gave an interesting lecture on the embroidery during the Festival.

I LUNCHEONED one day at the newly-opened Albyn, where you can also dine and dance in the evenings. This is a new venture of Capt. and Mrs. Donald Ross, who started the very successful *Aperitif* in Edinburgh several years ago. Mrs. Ross is very clever about décor, and the Albyn is certainly original in this respect; instead of painted walls there is a huge marquee with gaily-coloured hangings erected inside the restaurant. The food was really excellent, and among those enjoying lunch were Lord and Lady Wakehurst, Mrs. Cazalet-Keir, who had come up from London the previous night, Lord

Polwarth, Mr. Eric Linklater and the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, who told me they were spending the day at the Festival.

During my visit to Edinburgh I popped down to Hawick and had a wonderfully interesting couple of hours watching some of our export production at Robert Pringle's factory. I was tremendously impressed at the magnificent workmanship being put into the lovely jerseys and blouses and how much of the work is done by hand by the many Scottish craftsmen and needlewomen working there. It was a delight to see them taking the keenest interest in their job, and each one I spoke to was determined to help keep up the very high prestige of British goods overseas.



Crown Prince Olav of Norway arriving with the Crown Princess at the Olympic Stadium, Amsterdam, where a display attended by Queen Juliana was given by the Youth Movements of Holland

stepmother on the stairs near Princess Mary. Also in the audience I saw the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, Lady Heathcote-Amory, who, as Joyce Wethered, led the field of lady golfers before her marriage; Miss Rona Byron, Mrs. John Christie, Ruth Draper, who had just arrived from America and was staying with the French Consul and Mme. Monod; also her sister, Mrs. Henry James, widow of the celebrated novelist, over from New York with her tall, attractive niece, Miss Penelope Draper.

I WENT to see Tyrone Guthrie's brilliant production, *The Three Estates*, in the Assembly Hall. This piece of theatre has not been produced since 1554, and it caused a great deal



Mr. Keith-Officer and M. Pierre Dupuy, Australian Minister and Canadian Ambassador to Holland, await Princess Margaret.

Sir Philip Nichols, the British Ambassador, arriving at Schipol Airport to meet the Princess's plane

THE BATTLE
and
SEPT 1945



Mr. Berkeley Gage, Counsellor at the British Embassy, Lady Nichols and Cdr. Neville, the Naval Attaché, were also at the airport

ROYAL AND DIPLOMATIC GUESTS NEW QUEEN



At the investiture ceremony in the New Church. In front are the Crown Princess Beatrix, Princess Wilhelmina, Princess Armgard, mother of Prince Bernhard, and Princess Irene. Behind, Queen Elisabeth of Belgium, Crown Prince Olav and Princess Marthe of Norway, Crown Prince Gustav and Princess Louise of Sweden, Princess Margaret and Prince Axel of Denmark



Sir Philip and Lady Nichols talking to the French Ambassador at the luncheon given to members of the Diplomatic Corps



M. Wassard, the Danish Minister, with the Baroness Van Hardenbroek at the luncheon, held after the inaugural ceremony



Lady Margaret Egerton, who attended Princess Margaret during her visit to Holland, with M. Reynao, from the Belgian Embassy



To greet Crown Prince Olav of Norway: Mr. A. W. Vinke (Norwegian Consul, Amsterdam) and Mrs. Vinke, with Mr. Salvesen, Norwegian chaplain at Rotterdam, and Mrs. Salvesen

AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE OF HOLLAND

THE TATLER
and Bystander
SEPTEMBER 22, 1948
367



On her arrival, prominent Netherlands personalities are presented to Princess Margaret by the British Ambassador



Queen Juliana talking to Princess Margaret at the pageant in the Olympic Stadium. Behind them are Prince George of Greece (in naval uniform), Crown Princess Marthe of Norway, Prince Jean of Luxembourg, the Earl of Athlone, Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden and, on the right, Prince Bernhard with Queen Elisabeth, the Queen-Mother of Belgium



Lt. N. J. Prussen and Cdr. T. Pettersen, two more of the diplomatist guests at the Hotel de l'Europe luncheon



Lady Nichols, wife of the British Ambassador, has an entertaining discussion with Mme. de Braune



W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, Equerry to the King, and the Duke of Beaufort, who also accompanied Princess Margaret

Barry Swaab

QUEEN JULIANA RIDES IN STATE THROUGH HER PRINCIPAL CITY

Amsterdam acclaims Queen Wilhelmina's daughter, continuing the 700-years' history of the House of Orange, as the new ruler of the Netherlands



The new Queen, succeeding to the throne on the voluntary abdication of her mother at the conclusion of her Jubilee celebrations, acknowledges happily the applause of the crowds as she sets out through the city in the Golden Coach of State



Royal guests assembled to watch the afternoon procession, after they had lunched with the new Queen. Princess Margaret can be distinguished in the centre. She was accompanied on her flight to Holland by the Countess Halifax and the Duke of Beaufort. This picture and those below were specially taken for "The Tailor" by Barry Swaabe



When the Coach came the military procession, drawn from the cream of the British Army, of which these Household troops were representative



Another fine display of marching as a red-coated, white-gloved regiment passes the Royal visitors outside the Hotel de l'Europe at the start of the six-mile tour of the city

Two Anglo-French First Nights



At the St. James's first night of the adapted Sacha Guitry comedy "Don't Listen, Ladies!": Behind, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Sir Noel Charles, Mr. Guy Bolton. In front, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lady Charles and Stephen Powys (Mrs. Guy Bolton)



Viscount Dangan, son and heir of Earl Cowley, with Miss Patricia Cutts



Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, the author, with Mrs. Moresby



Mr. Gilbert Miller, the theatrical producer and manager, and his wife



The Ballets des Champs Élysées opened their season at the Princes Theatre in the presence of the French Ambassador, H.E. M. Massigli, who is seen on the right with the leading ballerina, Mlle. Irene Skorik. On the left is Miss Sarah Churchill, actress daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, with Mr. Antony Beauchamp



Priscilla in Paris The Bottom of the Well

THE golden key of the kingdom of U.N.O. has been handed over with flags flying, cheers, speeches and fanfares. A beautiful draught blew around the open terrace of the Palais de Chaillot when we arrived for the ceremony, and while, as we scurried along, we admired the wonderful view over the Seine and the left bank of the city, those of us who were tailor-made turned up our coat collars and surreptitiously blew on our fingers.

The key is golden and so is silence. So much palaver and so little achieved hitherto. What will be the outcome of all the talk that the next three months will register? However, we hope for the best. Giraudoux wrote the play *La Folle de Chaillot*, historians will have to write the tragi-comedy of *Les Fous de Chaillot*.

Paris is very sombre. While the workers return from their *congés payés* the *beau monde* departs for the châteaux, of which so many are now for sale or from which the old furniture and pictures are making their way to auction rooms, piece by piece. Under the surface gaiety from which the Gay City never departs there is a deep feeling of anxiety. But the man who has fallen to the bottom of a well and miraculously arrived there with no broken bones, finds consolation in the fact that he can fall no farther, and all his energy is employed in finding the way to climb out.

At present the dangling rope is old and frayed, but in time he will end by getting a new rope by which to ascend.

AT the railway stations, post offices and other nationalised industries of this fair land small change is rarely forthcoming, and one is obliged to produce the exact sum with which to pay for one's tickets or stamps. This makes, of course, many scenes of fuss and fury.

The other day I met a bright, ten-year-old lad who has found the means of starting a small fortune through this petty annoyance. With a large bag of base metal and tattered paper money of small denomination, he took up his stand near one of the booking offices at the Austerlitz terminus. Many were the harassed persons he "obliged" and, naturally, he was rewarded with generous tips. But where did he get all his small change, I wondered, and duly put the question. "Mama is an usherette at the X— Cinema," he proudly answered.

Eric Whepton in his most useful and delightfully written guide-book *Paris To-day*, tells his readers (page 197) that the practice of tipping in cinemas "seems to be gradually disappearing." He must have been lucky. I tried it . . . once! The cinema was nearly wrecked.

France is the land of *le pourboire*. In fact, the habit has been practically nationalised (like the Black Market), and the official tariff is now fifteen per cent. instead of ten. Only the

agents-de police cannot be tipped . . . but they will accept a cigarette.

I DINED the other evening on the heights of Montmartre at one of the little open-air restaurants of the Place du Tertre. Not having been there since before the war, I found many changes. But the tables were crowded and gay young people abounded, so . . . no complaints. For those who knew it in the old days, the whole place has become blatantly commercialised, but new-comers will find thrills in plenty. The tables set out on the *terre-plein* with their gaily-checked napery or striped Basque linen, the flickering candles ("how the days draw in!") in their glass-globed shades around which the moths and buzzy-beasts-that-bite hover, singe their wings and drop into the luscious—but so expensive—dishes.

But where, oh where, are the street performers? The sword swallower and glass chewer and my old fire-eating friend from whose lips one could light a cigarette if one was quick about it? Where is the juggler who also performed between the tables and vied with the kitchen in producing omelettes from borrowed hats. I am told that they were excellent, but I always preferred the kitchen frying-pan to the somewhat doubtful lining of a "gent's Trilby."

The Lapin Agile, just around the corner, with its rocky chimney-piece that still houses whole families of white mice, is always a show-place, but gone is old, long-bearded Fréde with his guitar and his quavery old voice singing the chantages in which we all joined.

Bitter-sweet memories for the middle-aged, but still plenty of fun, merriment and beauty for the youngsters.

Voilà!

● The baby sardine meets his first submarine and is duly alarmed. "Don't be frightened, child," says Mama sardine. "It only contains tinned men!"



"... being chased slowly through a gnat's eye by a minute Sam Goldwyn." "... many of the types involved may be met in the Park to-day"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

SNOWBIRDS, hopheads, and other unfortunate victims of Progress fade so naturally into the Los Angeles background, amid a score or so of the world's craziest sects, that the Hollywood police will take some time to clean up the local dope-racket, we dare suggest.

The vogue of marihuana in that megalomaniac loony-bin is slightly puzzling. The effect of this hempen drug, we gather from a toxicologist, is to magnify visual and other perceptions to monstrous size. You'd think the Hollywood boys would go for something soothingly microscopic, affording dreams of (e.g.) being chased slowly through a gnat's eye by a minute Sam Goldwyn wearing infinitesimal boots of thistledown. You'd also think the local intelligentsia would have learned by now that hemp in any form rarely makes chaps want to write like De Quincey (that bore). As W. B. Yeats discovered on trying it in Paris in the 1900's, it merely made him want to lance.

Afterthought

HERE at least, you cry, is a practical method of enticing hordes of booksy girls to a less vexing occupation, turning them into exquisite Pavlovas and Karsavinas, dancing like waves of the sea and ravishing chaps with trange exotic lure.

Mysteriously, with smiles inanimate,
With lingering feet that undulate,
With sinuous fingers, spectral hands that thrill ...

How they'd keep their stockings up—the old problem—is another matter. Maybe we'd all be too relieved to care.

Form

THAT ruthless and diverting girl Odette Pannetier, the Dorothy Parker of Paris, recently reported to her weekly paper, *Carrefour*, that the aboriginals of Aix-les-Bains are almost tearfully remembering the pre-war British. For the drapery of the native bourgeoisie replacing them in the Aix thermal establishments (says this awful girl, supplying cruel photographs) reminds one of refugees from a surprise air-raid at 3 a.m.

This would have pleased Whistler, who noted during a rough Atlantic crossing that the British alone were correctly sick every night in stiff boiled shirts. Yet can one blame the Continent exclusively for its present decadence? The rot set in some years ago in Switzerland, our old dependency, and the Race began it. As Arnold Lunn says, "the English began to show a distaste for evening dress in Alpine hotels when ski-teachers began dressing for dinner." This shows the harm a hasty revulsion may bring about, quite unexpectedly.

French indifference is doubtless a heritage of the frowzy saturnalia of the Revolution, in which the only gentleman by Savile Row standards was Robespierre. ("God had given him," says Mr. Belloc, "a kind of stone tabernacle in the mind, wherein he could treasure absolute truths.") Yet there are still chaps who

deem Robespierre, who dressed like a sahib all his life, to be a cad. Enigma.

Scrap

A SUGGESTION to Auntie Times that the vexatious statue of Dr. Samuel Johnson outside St. Clement Danes might now be reasonably scrapped—and we would personally add the colossal marble confection by Bacon, R.A., in St. Paul's, showing the Doctor as a scowling half-naked Roman gladiator—went hardly far enough. Some 98 per cent. of metropolitan statuary (cf. Sitwell, *The People's Book of London Statues*, 1928) is long since for the ashcan.

Only bird-lovers could cavil at a general spring-cleaning, and in their behalf we wish to say that chaps who accuse birds, the sculptor's frankest critics, of lacking serious discrimination are not always fair. Viewing a charming old leaden statue of Mercury in a London garden recently, we were moved to the following cadences:

Wing-footed god of thieves and politicians,
Gesturing nobly in despite of words,
Here no one marks your curious ambitions,
Except the birds.

No voices from the underworld call on you,
Feebly demanding what you're up to now;
Tributes from feathered friends alone fall on you,
Egad, and how.

If you cry that the birdies' reaction, partly political and partly moral, ignored aesthetic values, we may add that they had spared Mercury's bowler hat very significantly, though otherwise admirably lavish.

Sport

FACING the operational area of a citizen recently slung in the cooler for chasing ladies in St. James's Park after dusk, one could imagine any number of elegant ghosts in tall periwigs, highly amused. For that, after all, is what the place was laid out for (cf. Wycherley, *Love in a Wood*, or *St. James's Park*).

In Wycherley's time the sport was rather fatiguing, the Rangers and Valentines and other gay boys invariably getting into fearful tangles with hags and haybags while in pursuit of their fair quarry. The tearing-off of dainty masks at the kill always petrified them with astonishment, for some reason. "By Heaven—'tis she!" What (one reasonably asks oneself) did they think they'd been chasing all night, the Dean of St. Paul's?

Note incidentally that many of the types involved may be met in the Park to-day, such as Alderman Gripe ("a lecherous old Usurer of the City"), Sir Simon Addleplot ("a Coxcomb, in pursuit of Women of great Fortune"), Lady Flippant ("an affected Widow, in Distress for a Husband, though still declaiming against Marriage"), and especially Mrs. Joyner ("a Match-maker, or precise City Bawd"). Dear Mrs. Joyner! Though you live much farther west today, one trusts business is as usual, Ma'am?

Testimonial

WE find the critical racket takes a buoyant view of the prima donna at Milan who recently broke off halfway through Act II of *Iris* to sock the *Corriere's* music-critic on the nose.

The boys argue—as they did some time ago, when a little American actress socked a drama-critic at the Savoy—that this reaction shows that somebody reads them. News-editors are difficult to convince of this, since the average Fleet Street news-editor notoriously has the following scale of descending values:

1. Rats.
2. Lice.
3. Drama-critic.
4. Music-critics.
5. Art-critics.
6. Book-critics.

A swollen nose or a black eye is therefore a first-class testimonial, though even then some tough news-editors continue sceptical.

"How d'you know she meant to hit you?"

"I've got witnesses."

(This always gives a news-editor a big laugh.)

"You'll be the death of me, boy. Hop it."

In the case of book-critics it is assumed that the publisher on whose payroll they happen to be has beaten them up, as publishers will. We know because we've been one.

BRIGGS—by Graham





R. Kingsley Tayler

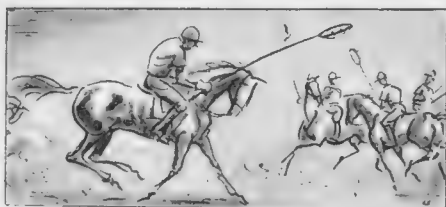
"Polo-Crosse." A study at Porlock Vale, where Lt.-Col. Herbert Furse has initiated the game in his school. Polo-Crosse is a mixture of polo, lacrosse and netball. It is played six a side and is said to be excellent for the training of ponies in the major sport

Pictures in the Fire

POLO-CROSSE is a game I have never seen and only heard about once before—from our friend, Rex Smart, in Australia, where they improved on an idea originated in this country. Now I hear of it again from another old comrade, Lieut.-Colonel Herbert Furse, who, incidentally, was my most competent polo "Eye Witness" in America the last time we were trying to get that International Cup back from the Americans, from whom we took it in 1914 and to whom we lost it again in 1921.

Herbert Furse has probably seen more good polo than many of us ever have, and when he says that this new game, which is a cross between polo, lacrosse and netball, is a good one and a useful school for ponies, I know that I can believe him.

Some people think that it will retard the revival of polo. Why should it if it schools the ponies and teaches the players the rudiments of positioning? My editor will probably find room for one of the excellent pictures which Herbert Furse has sent from Porlock Vale, and everyone will be able to follow the general scheme of things without much bother. The stick is rather like a squash racket as to its head, and the big idea is to catch or pick up the ball and either gallop with it or throw it from player to player. They play six a side instead of four.



the 1949 Blue Riband. Mr. G. H. Freer will be almost forced to start the Free Handicap with him, though he may have the courage to risk the brickbats and do it with Berrylands, who won over 6 furlongs at Salisbury in slow time on a good surface and with nothing to write home about behind him.

That Abernant is a bit of greased lightning is plain for all to see. Look at the bottom line of his pedigree—Mumtaz Mahal by The Tetrach, Lady Josephine by Sundridge, both sires supersonic, and likewise the begetters of stayers—quite a lot of them. The top half of Abernant's pedigree is pretty nearly first class for stamina. The headache is whether the magnificent turn of foot we have seen is proof positive that its owner will get over 1½ miles, which, incidentally, is not "a distance of ground" as turf jargon intends that thing to be understood.

I suppose Mr. Freer will have to put this flying pony, Star King, second. He won the Gimcrack Champagne Stakes—no contest in either case, and again I expect the sage Handicapper will run counter to his own inner convictions.

I could think of at least a thousand easier jobs than Mr. Freer's. These two colts are going to be "snips" or "naps" next year, and there does not seem to be any doubt as to which is the better one, for Abernant gave Star King at least a couple of lengths start in the National Breeders Produce Stakes at Sandown on July 17th and beat him a short head. Abernant may run away with the Guineas and even then we shall not be certain!

WHY that expression "the delightful uncertainty" was ever coined I do not know. The dead certainties that never materialise are not "delightful." We realised that on the 11th inst. If ever a horse had

the whole Book of Form behind him it was My Love. At Doncaster he had said his piece about two furlongs from home; at Longchamps, over 1 mile 7 furlongs, he had a good field in his pocket nearly double that distance from the winning post. This does not add up.

Epsom was not cut to fit Black Tarquin, and I endeavoured to say many times that I believed that Doncaster might be and that he was the only threat to the form horse. I was wrong as things turned out. Black Tarquin just stormed through the lot of them in the Leger and won hard held. He gave his owner, whom we like just as much in this country as they do in his own, his second Leger (Boswell, 1937), and my friend Cecil Boyd-Rochford his third, for he trained Boswell and also Lord Portal's Sun Castle in 1941 (run at Manchester). The congratulations are very sincere. Britt won his second Leger in succession.

WEDDINGS are often amusing, even for the two principal performers, and would invariably be so were it not for the cameras. If anything more is needed to put a strain on an occasion already supercharged, it is the snipers. For the audience, nuptials are usually quite bearable, even if somewhat a bit dangerous. I "mind" an occasion when a young and lusty Laird was about to lead a beautiful and extremely rich widow to the altar. All the previous day and right up to the "off" he was in a state of dangerous alcoholic exaltation. He would edge people into a corner and hiss: "E's she No?" No one was fool enough to ask, "No what?"

At the inevitable photographic moment on the glacis of the Laird's castle, one of the younger members of the clan, standing on the benches in the back line, thought it was a good scheme to tip the rear rank over and spreadeagle the whole shooting match. The Laird thought that a perfectly innocent Hungarian Count had done it. He let out a blood-curdling Hielan' yelp, got to the Ha' in one mighty bound, grabbed one of the Claymores used at Killiecrankie off the wall, and if the Count had not been as fast as Abernant...

The Duchess of Gloucester at Edinburgh Horse Show



The Duchess arriving at Inverleith with Sir William J. Thomson, the President. This is the second year the show has been held



Mrs. Archer, Vice-Admiral E. R. Archer, Flag Officer for Scottish and Northern Irish waters, and Capt. Agar



The Marquess of Bute, who succeeded his father last year, with his third son, Lord James Crichton-Stuart, and Capt. Frai, R.N.V.R.

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS (NO. 17)

A bird of the plains, strongly allergic to all obstructions
whether natural or contrived



The Many-Ringed Sky Auk—or Tuffless Chief Chaff

(Wunsaebilt-Anairfors)

ADULT MALE: General colour above fleshy-fulvous, crested from the right orbital bone to the left occipital bone with ornate astral-blue feathers; tufted to the rear of the mandibles; this particular member of the sub-order, though a senior bird, is not tufted in the usual way below the beak; beak curved and russet; mandibles blue; body feathers astral blue, heavily ringed at the wing-tips; shanks slight and spindly, due, no doubt, to the bird spending much of its time upon the wing; feet leathery and capable of dealing shrewd little digs at any matter which might annoy the bird.

HABITS: This little member of the Warrior Warblers was first observed, in any detail, a few years ago when it became increasingly popular in North Africa owing to the capable manner in which it was able to take to the air, in spite of the excess of sand it was apt to find in its wings:

sand being found in some quantity in that area, according to keen observers.

The bird is never happier than when it is able to take to the air with its brood: or when engaged in chewing over some little quodlibet with an earthbound member of the species.

Although the Chief Chaff has a somewhat benign appearance and a merry, laughing cry withal, some watchers report that the bird is capable of letting loose an angry rocketing when confronted by smaller members of its brood who happen to find themselves grounded.

The bird's cry, recently recorded, is rather melancholy, a kind of "Wotnoairfors-Godelpus."

HABITATS: The bird may be seen darting, gracefully, to and fro about the airier buildings of London: or turning up in some expectant locality at some quite unexpected time.



A Great Master of Line

In *Phil May* (Art and Technics; 8s. 6d.), James Thorpe renders tribute to the Yorkshire man whose meteoric career in Fleet Street was one of the wonders of the century's end. The sketch above illustrates Phil May's economy of line, whilst the portrait of a coster girl shows the speed of his draughtsmanship. It was done in chalks at a smoking concert



Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

HEAVY critics of British twentieth-century fiction tend to by-pass "Saki"—and yet, he was one of the rarer geniuses to which our tottering century has given birth. It would be above all lamentable to miss him. This admirable, plain-covered, peony-pink *The Complete Short Stories of "Saki"* (Bodley Head; 10s.) has, I am glad to notice, been kept in print regularly since 1930: the present, latest edition is enriched with a 1913 portrait, a biography of "Saki" by his sister, Miss E. M. Munro, and yet one more tale, "The East Wing," discovered in 1946. And, rightly, notice is drawn to this new edition by the recommendation of the Book Society.

Must we, however, infer from the recommendation that a Saki-less generation has grown up? Or that there exist, really, right-minded homes from which his works are still missing, in which his name is unheard? Here, at any rate, is the opportunity to make good a loss. I don't think, personally, that there is any writer quicker to make the wits tingle, the heart laugh—or, incidentally, any truer reflector

(though impish indeed may the mirror be) of pre-1914 social life.

To read the tales is to feel a little nostalgic, inevitably: here is a dry sparkle on the subject of a universe that may never be possible again. "Saki's" divine absurdity, playing like a fountain, casts its glittering spray over a universe of comfort and good manners. His art, by the way, links up closely with the history of this paper: many of the stories were written for *The Bystander*.

Christopher Morley, who writes the Introduction to this edition, says:

In recent revivals of his books distinguished enthusiasts have spoken handsomely of his urbane malice and charm. But in all these comments the friendliest critics have shown themselves instinctively puzzled how to proceed; all have fallen back upon quotations of Saki's own felicities. This is inevitable. The fact is there are few writers less profitable to write about. Saki exists only to be read. . . . He is one of those brilliant and lucky volatiles who are to be enjoyed, not criticised.

"The Complete Short Stories of 'Saki'"

"Bulwer-Lytton"

"Letter to Five Wives"

He will be instinctively recognised and relished by those capable.

THE stories, as their lovers will know, can be grouped—into those having a social, London or country-house scene, the childhood pieces, the eerie tales, and the Continental pieces. They are, with a few terrifying exceptions, comedies. Through a number of them roves the same character—the equable, fiendish Clovis—tier of so many situations into knots. Wonderful, just not impossible characters, at once teetering and pompous, are pin-pointed by an unerring ray: above all, this is a world of goof justice, in which the irresponsibles win out. "There are," Mr. Morley observes, "certain social types whom 'Saki' cooks and serves for us as absolutely as perfect asparagus and hollandaise. Even their names are genius, as every critic has noted. Sir James Beanquest, Mrs. Thropplestance, Ada Spelvexit, Mrs. Quarbarl, Clovis Sangrail, Comus Bassington, Blanche Bavvel, Hortensia Bavvel—can you resist the desire to be introduced to these?"

Really, the master characters are children, or child-minds—inexorable defeaters of the grown-up racket, ruthless expositors of all the little games. Tobermory, the talking cat who proceeded to give everybody away, might be called the soul-symbol of most of the "Saki" stories. Terrible little girls, exemplified in "The Boar Pig" and "The Open Window," might be found to be junior sisters of Clovis. In "Cousin Teresa," the pin-head-younger son of a public-spirited family makes good. In "Laura" we have the malignant beauty, who, originally embarrassing her correct host by dying when she has arrived to stay, goes on to harry Egbert by reincarnating herself in a series of forms. . . .

THE uncanny is seldom absent, neither is the outrageous—"Saki" could give effect of death with the true, chilling tinkle of a spoon on a glass: to die (as in "Laura" and "The Reticence of Lady Anne") was the final way of disconcerting somebody else. Or, there is the bizarre last moment of "The Music on the Hill." The death-yell of the aunt in "Sredni-Vashtar" is music to the reader's, as to young Conradin's, ear—so far, under the "Saki" spell, have we travelled from grown-up power-morality.

The aunt-and-nephew *motif*, as someone has pointed out, crops up very often in "Saki" stories: Miss Munro's biography of her brother supplies the cause for this—the three young Munros (Charlie, Ethel and the Hector who is our "Saki") were, in fact, handed over, during the absence of their father in Burma, to two appalling relatives, Aunt Tom (or Charlotte) and Aunt Augusta. The *milieu* of the childhood was a dank Devonshire villa, sunk in trees, crusted with light-obstructing verandas, airless inside, and ruled inside and out by the demonic, conflicting wills of the two spinsters.

Pet-keeping, and silently organised rebellion were, for the three children, the only resource—the part played by animals, especially the smaller animals, in "Saki" stories is explained. Delicacy, and a furious nervousness, further sharpened the blade of young Hector Hugh: as against this, there was the extraordinary charm that he had for people. He read omnivorously, scribbled doggerel poetry, drew pictures—some are printed here: how witty they are! He loved—as his enchanting later style was to show—words.

Hector [Miss Munro recounts] was rather a favourite with old ladies, with whom he made himself quite at home. Aunt Tom took us once to see a very charming old lady, whose daughter (not a chicken) was then away on a round of visits. In a pause in the conversation Hector approached our hostess and, in a most courtly manner, proceeded:

"And so I hear, Mrs. Simpson, that Miss Janet is away in Scotland, enjoying all kinds of debauchery."

There was an astonished pause, everyone laughed, and Aunt Tom exclaimed:

"That dreadful Roman history! . . ."

It was quite true—we had a remarkable, unexpurgated history with novel and lengthy words which needed airing . . .

AFTER schooldays, H. H. Munro was packed off to join his brother in the Burma Police: in his letters home to his sister the vein of "Saki" has already emerged. After a year his health gave way; he returned to England. The profession sought by himself (one feels that the Burma try-out had been imposed on him) was journalism: he set out for London to make a living by his pen. A friend, whose confidence was to be more than justified, launched him in the literary world. He wrote for the *Westminster Gazette*, then became attached to the *Morning Post*, by whom he was to be sent as correspondent

to the Balkans, Poland, Russia. Miss Munro's account of the years abroad—culled partly from "Saki's" letters, partly from her own visits to her brother—are delightful; especially the St. Petersburg passages.

"The Munro clan," she tells us, "has always been composed of fighters and writers. Our grandfather, a colonel in the Indian Army, had a great compliment paid him by the Marquis Wellesley of his day, who said that he wrote purely classical language. . . . Aunt Tom told us this—she always said Hector had inherited his grandfather's gift. At any rate, he wrote naturally. . . . My mother's mother was a very clever woman, and she, through her mother, belonged to the Macnab clan. So Hector was Celtic on both sides of his family."

WHAT emerges from all accounts is the pungent, rare, unforgettable charm of the personality. Whether abroad or in London, seldom can anybody have been so



Mrs. Sarah Anne Terrot photographed in her old age. She appears as a character in "Miss Nightingale's Ladies" (Collins; 8s. 6d.), a novel founded on fact and written by Charles Terrot, a descendant of Sarah Anne

popular as "Saki"—while, at the same time, remaining so detached. Miss Munro has abstained from giving us any picture of her brother's social life in London, as she feels that would not be of interest to general readers—as to that, in all deference, I do think her wrong: it would have been fascinating to hear of "Saki" in play in that gay, tricky pre-1914 world of which his stories give a mischievous reflection. . . . When 1914 came he was forty-four: he none the less insisted on, and succeeded in, joining the 22nd Royal Fusiliers as a private.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

LET me at once confound those who still imagine that four-part harmony singing begins and ends with The Ink Spots. Improved though these singers are since the days when they first appeared in England, long before World War II, they are by no means the epitome of their particular form of art.

There must be many who remember the original Mills Brothers records and the well-balanced vocalising that made them so popular. There must be some, too, who enjoyed the slickness with which The Three Keys did their stuff.

To-day there is no better quartet of singers in this vein than The Charioteers.

They recently appeared in London, where they scored an immediate success. On their second record to be released over here, they sing *A Kiss and a Rose and Trees*. Yes, it's the same old song, and I am fully aware that it has been given far too many mediocre renderings, but The Charioteers make up for all of those by their excellent version of Rasbach's masterpiece.

These four singers have polish, poise and personality. (Columbia DB. 2440.)

Robert Tredinnick.

That he got a great deal of fun out of being in the Army need not be said. He was killed in action in France in 1916.

"BULWER-LYTTON" (English Novelist Series: Home and Van Thal; 6s.) is a study of the great Victorian by his grandson, the late Earl of Lytton, K.G. Possibly few of us had realised the width, as well as the high pressure, of Bulwer-Lytton's career: his political life ran, for many years, parallel with his literary activities. He began writing when he was seventeen, and was halfway through a novel when he died at seventy.

This is an admirable portrait, just intimate enough, of a man who, while deeply original, was at the same time expressive of his epoch. The emotional, grandiose side of the Bulwer-Lytton novels spoke straight to the romanticism of the Victorians—who, none the less, did now and then shrink from his dwelling on the dark sides of character: it was felt that the novelist went too far in matters of crime and gloom. Lord Lytton lets us know that his grandfather was, on occasions, the victim of attacks which hurt him deeply: to these, to the perpetual shadow cast over his life by an unhappy marriage, and to the strain of his dual career he stood up bravely.

"The most real side of every life, from the earliest dawn of mind in the infant, is the romantic." This, a quotation from Bulwer-Lytton's unfinished novel, *The Parisians*, has been placed on the title-page—one feels, rightly. The solace of fancy, the joy of creation, must, together, have been the mainspring of Bulwer-Lytton's energy. He has been read by most of us—often in early youth: this penetrating study of his art is an invitation to know him again from the present-day and from the grown-up angle. He was born in 1803, went to Cambridge in 1822; travelled; married Rosina Wheeler in 1827 and published his first novel, *Falkland*, in that same year. In 1832 he became M.P. for Lincoln; he voted for the Reform Bill. Nine years later he resigned his seat in the House of Commons: in 1851, however, he joined the Conservative Party, and became M.P. for Hertford a year later. In 1858 he became Secretary of State for the Colonies; he was raised to the peerage in 1866.

Of his best-known works, *Eugene Aram* was published in 1832, *The Last Days of Pompeii* in 1834, *The Last of the Barons* in 1843, *Harold* in 1848. The succeeding works, though popular in their day, are less well known to us: one cannot but feel that they would repay exploration.

"LETTER TO FIVE WIVES," by John Kempner (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d.), is a vivacious American novel about five ladies who are informed that the local *femme fatale*, one Addie Joss, has arranged to run off with one of their husbands. The question—an appalling question for all—is, which?

Addie's bombshell letter, containing the ultimatum, arrives when Deborah, Martha, Gerry, Rita and Lora May are in conclave, over Martinis and caviare sandwiches, at Lora May's well-appointed home. They have been cold-shouldering Addie, and it seems only too likely she may take this revenge. Each wife, therefore,

scrutinises her own heart to see whether, possibly, her marriage might not have been going on as well as it had, to the world and herself, appeared. The result is, five rather unnerving little private views. *Letter to Five Wives* could be vulgar: I must say that it is not—at the start I thought it a trifle silly, but interest, and sympathy with the distracted ladies, grows as the tale moves on. The scene is Long Island; the time, to-day.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Nickson — Swann

Lt. Ronald Walter Nickson, R.N., married Miss Brenda E. M. Swann, B.E.M., only daughter of Mr. E. H. Swann of Fulwood, Sheffield, and of the late Mrs. Swann, at St. John's Church, Ranmoor, Sheffield. Lt. Nickson is a staff officer at the Admiralty, London



Creed — Cunningham

Mr. Charles Creed, younger son of Mr. Henry Creed, of Paris, and Miss Patricia Aileen Cunningham, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cunningham, of Campden Hill Road, London, W.8, were married at the Chapel of the Assumption Convent, Kensington Square



Brightmore — Barnett

The wedding of W/Cdr. A. G. P. Brightmore, Royal Air Force, and Miss Suzanne Barnett, only daughter of Mrs. S. M. Barnett, of Newlyn, Oatlands Avenue, Weybridge, took place at Woking. W/Cdr. Brightmore is stationed in Malta



Gilbertson — Warwick

Mr. Alec K. G. Gilbertson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. K. H. T. Gilbertson, of Barton-on-Sea, Hampshire, married Miss Betty M. Warwick, younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Warwick, of Kingswood Avenue, London, N.W.6, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Chadwick — Leonard

S/Ldr. Frederick W. Chadwick, D.F.C., of Cheshire, married Miss Hazel Leonard, daughter of the late Mr. Clive Leonard, and of Mrs. Clive Leonard, of Melbourne, Australia, at St. Columba's Chapel, London. General E. Wheatley gave the bride away, and Lord Strathcarron was best man



Forman — de Mouilpied

Mr. J. Denis Forman, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Forman, of Dumfriesshire, married Miss Helen B. de Mouilpied, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. de Mouilpied, of London, at Beattock Village Church



beauty with
a new look..

Your summer tan is fading . . . you must get back to pink prettiness the Helena Rubinstein way. At night cleanse with Pasteurized Face Cream . . . follow with Bleaching Cream. Wake up lazy tissues in the morning with Skin Clearing Cream then use Skin Toning Lotion to give a satin smooth finish.

Pasteurized Face Cream 8/4 Bleaching Cream 9/2
Skin Clearing Cream 9/2 Skin Toning Lotion 8/4

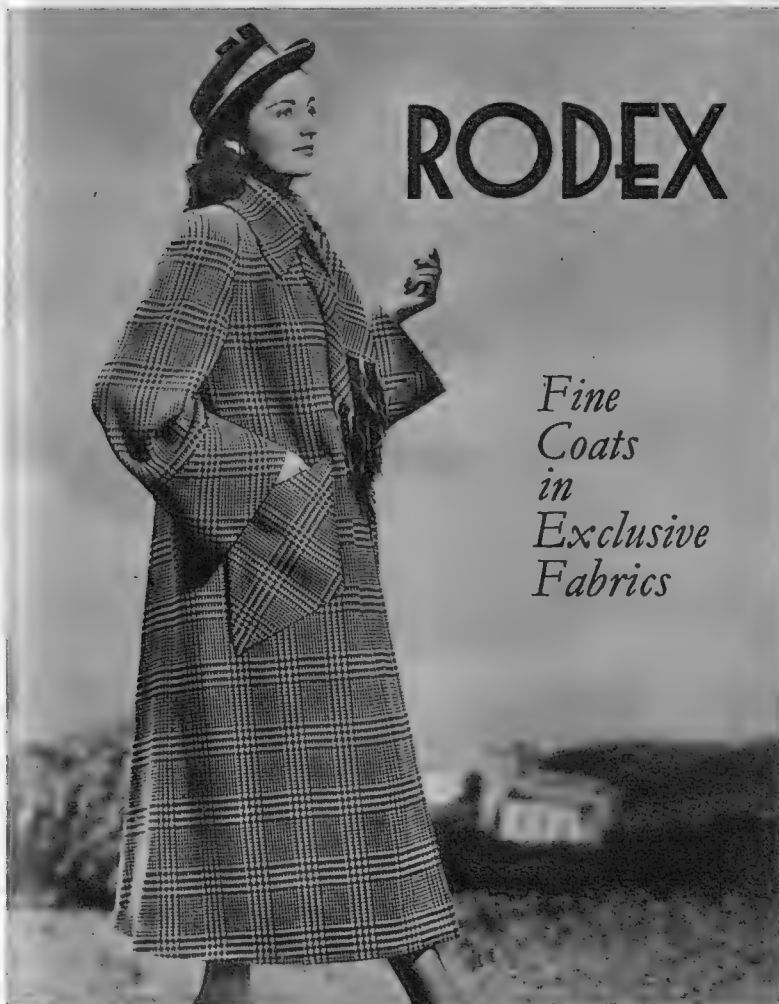
Helena Rubinstein

HR 76

48 Berkeley Square, London W.1. Grosvenor 1407



A stitched hat that fits in with almost any occasion—for country or town wear. Colours:—Brown, Stone, Grey, Sage, Navy. £5.17.3 First Floor.



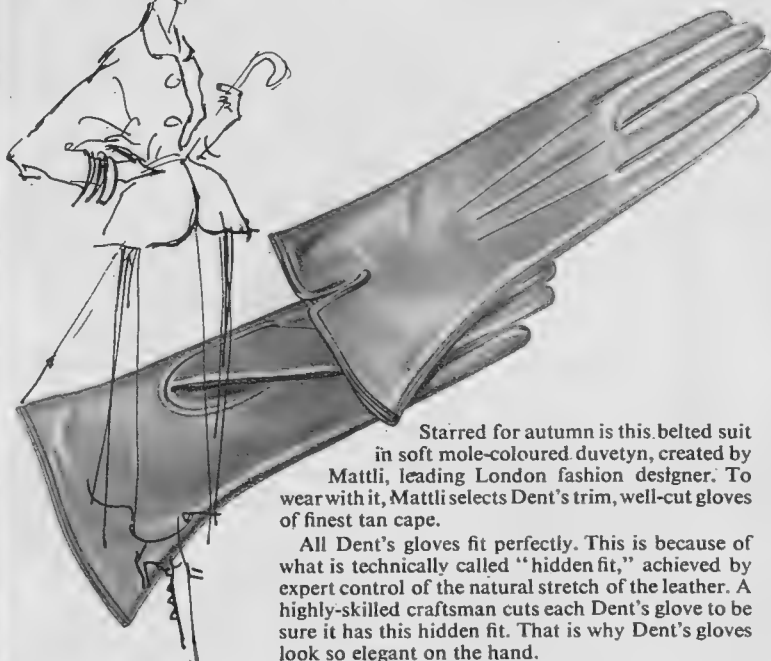
RODEX

*Fine
Coats
in
Exclusive
Fabrics*

Made by W. O. PEAKE LTD., Wholesale and Export

Mattli Selects

THESE CAPE GLOVES



Starred for autumn is this belted suit in soft mole-coloured duvetyn, created by Mattli, leading London fashion designer. To wear with it, Mattli selects Dent's trim, well-cut gloves of finest tan cape.

All Dent's gloves fit perfectly. This is because of what is technically called "hidden fit," achieved by expert control of the natural stretch of the leather. A highly-skilled craftsman cuts each Dent's glove to be sure it has this hidden fit. That is why Dent's gloves look so elegant on the hand.

To smarten up your outfit, buy a pair of Dent's gloves to-day. No coupons needed! Look inside for the most famous glove label in the world.

Dent's Gloves

CHOSEN BY LEADING LONDON FASHION DESIGNERS

OVER THE DRESS

An Oatmeal Welsh tweed topcoat by Windsmoor is amply cut with back fullness caught into a belted waist. The wide armholes make this a comfortable coat to wear over wool dresses or a suit

Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

Photographs by Joysmith



UNDER THE COAT

Cosy, clinging wool jersey. A dress to be out and about in without a coat while days are warm enough and ideal under a topcoat when winter gets under way. A Wolsey Utility model made in fantome green, navy, emerald and other colours



Burberrys

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 3343

BURBERRYS LTD.

"Kumfrees"
by



Despite overseas demands limited quantities are available to personal shoppers at most good shops

Twomax

*Real Scotch
Knitwear*



"Twomax"
Aerostitch Jumper

This short sleeved jumper is in a new lightweight stitch in alternate colours. To fit 34"/36" bust and supplied in the following contrast colours.

Ice Blue/Dusty Pink
Beige/Turquoise
Lemon/Ice Blue
Coral/Ice Blue
Ice Blue/Nigger
Nigger/Gold



Obtainable from all good stores.
We cannot supply the Public direct.

McCLURE & McINTOSH Ltd., GLASGOW, C.5



MASCOTTE MODELS LTD.

Elsley House, 24-30 Gt. Titchfield St.
London, W.1 (Wholesale only)



N twenty-three towns, Jones branches serve discerning women who prefer shoes of exclusive quality and appreciate the importance of expert personal fitting. Here is a shoe representing the best in rugged British quality — a brogue superior.

PRESENTING

Brogues

in which to tramp . . . and tramp . . . and tramp. In soft brown Impervia calf with crepe or leather soles.

99/6



IT'S *Personal* SERVICE AT

A
JONES
& SONS
BOOTMAKERS LTD

★ POST ORDERS to
143 Brompton Road
London, S.W.3
★

Bexhill Boscombe Bournemouth Brighton Bristol West Byfleet Canterbury
Cheltenham Colchester Dorchester East Grinstead Eastbourne Guildford
Hove Newquay Ramsgate Ryde (Isle of Wight) Southsea St. Leonards
Tunbridge Wells Weymouth Worthing and 143 Brompton Road S.W.3

The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Dorothy Wilding

Miss June Cory-Wright, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright, of Wheat-hampstead, Herts, and Greek Farew, Brancaster, Norfolk, who is to marry Mr. John Horlick, only son of Col. James Horlick, M.C., O.B.E., of Isle of Gigha, Argyllshire



Pearl Freeman

Miss Florinda Bridget Henry, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. R. P. Henry, of Rathburne, Duns, Berwickshire, who is engaged to marry Captain Norman A. H. Marsden, The Queen's Royal Regiment, son of Major C. H. Marsden, O.B.E., and Mrs. Marsden, of Ingleton, Lower Bourne, Farnham



Navana Vandyk

Miss Hazel June Barrington Chance, younger daughter of Major G. H. Barrington Chance, of Braydon Hall, Minety, Wiltshire, and of the late Mrs. Chance, who has announced her engagement to Mr. P. W. Wilson, eldest surviving son of Captain W. W. Wilson, R.N. (retd.), of Clyffe Pypard Manor, Wootton Bassett, Wiltshire, and of the late Mrs. Wilson



Miss Anne Hanson Marriage

Miss Anne Hanson Marriage, only child of the late Major L. H. Marriage, M.C., and of Mrs. Frank Webb, of Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.7, and stepdaughter of Lt.-Col. F. B. Webb, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Bernard John Blandy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Blandy, of Markham Square, Chelsea



Bassano

Major Stephen Hastings, M.C., Scots Guards, and Mrs. Sally Jephson, who are engaged to be married. Major Hastings is the only son of Major Lewis Hastings, M.C., and Mrs. Hastings, of Barkhurst House, Wokingham, Berkshire, and Mrs. Jephson is the widow of Major G. D. Jephson, M.C., and the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Julian Tomlin, C.B.E., D.S.O., and of the late Mrs. Tomlin

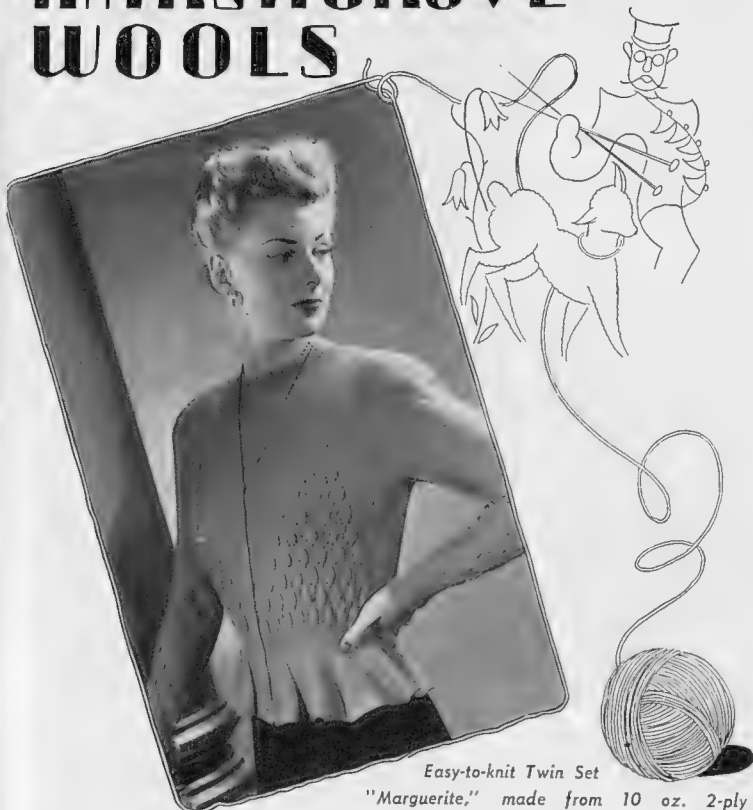


**Nicoll
Clothes**

(Wholesale only) : 8-9-10 LOWER JAMES STREET
GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

H. J. Nicoll & Co. Ltd

"MARSHGROVE" WOOLS



Easy-to-knit Twin Set

"Marguerite," made from 10 oz. 2-ply

'Marshgrove' wool, 1/5 an ounce. Leaflet No. 28, price 6d.

Available only from the

Marshall & Snelgrove COUNTRY SHOPS

SCARBOROUGH, LEEDS, HARROGATE, SOUTHPORT, MANCHESTER
LEICESTER, BIRMINGHAM, and WILLIAMS & HOPKINS, BOURNEMOUTH

Styled for Autumn by Leodian



Tailored classic from Leodian's Autumn collection of dresses and suits . . . to your measurements in many different materials and a rich profusion of shades of which Rose Flame, Derby Tan, Killarney, Tide Blue, River Green, Skipper Navy, London Twilight and Academy Blue are but a few.

Send a postcard for the new Leodian style book (illustrating nearly thirty models) and patterns of these delightful materials—you will thoroughly enjoy seeing them.

Prices range from £5 5s. to £12 2s. 6d. Perfect fitting is guaranteed.

MODELS TO MEASURE IN
FINE WOOL **£5.5.0**
from

Model illustrated from £5.15.0

Write today for Catalogue and Patterns

LEODIAN

LIMITED

(TL.5), Union House, LEEDS, 2

THE PYRAMID TOPPER

Fashion has never been kinder to the average woman . . . her silhouette can be swing-skirted or reed slim—her natural waistline may give way to an elevated one—and her love of detail can be transposed from front to back. Enveloping every silhouette—wide or narrow—embellished or serene—is **HERSHELLE'S PYRAMID TOPPER**—in velvet-smooth Velour, in the most wonderful colours.



WHO IS SHE?

Look for the **HERSHELLE** label

Lady in Black

FROM
LEADING STORES

WHOLESALE & EXPORT ONLY: THIRTEEN STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1

L.B.91

INVITATION GOLF MEETING AT RICHMOND

Golfers met recently at the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, Richmond, to compete for *The Sphere* Challenge Cup, which was won by Mr. P. J. Rumble with a net score of 66 (h'cap 12). Later a two-ball foursome against bogey was won by Mr. R. H. Dolton and Mr. A. J. Lewis



Mr. H. O. Foot, who unfortunately found himself in a bunker at the first hole, gets out of trouble with a good stroke



Mr. A. J. Lewis, Mr. R. H. Dolton, Mr. F. H. Simmonds and Mr. G. W. Pangbourne during their foursomes match



Mr. L. M. Masius, Mr. Wynne Davies, Mr. D. Y. Faulkner and Mr. G. C. H. Yates at the first tee



Mr. P. J. Rumble completing a drive during the play for "The Sphere" Challenge Cup, which he won

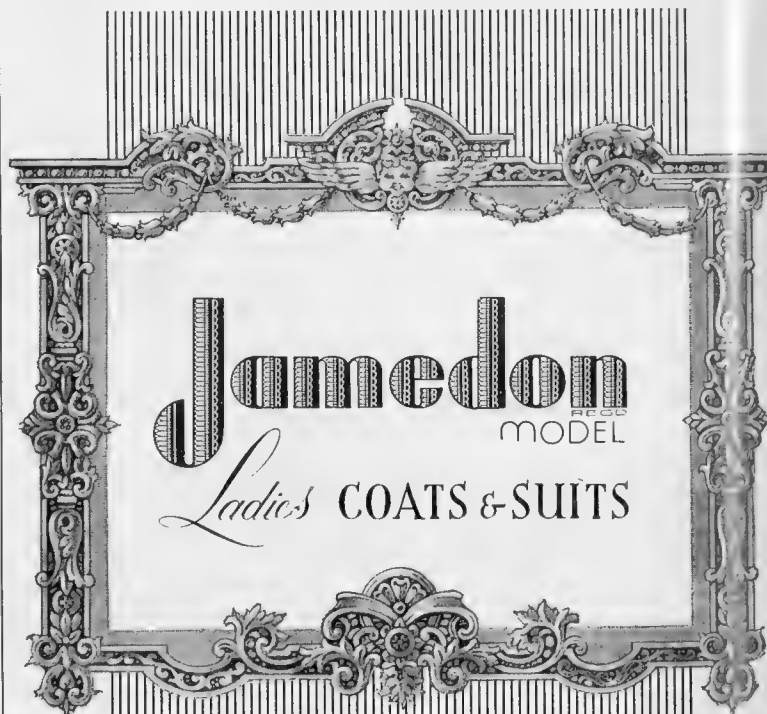


Col. P. C. Burton driving, watched by his partners, Mr. E. O. Norton, Mr. R. H. MacIntyre and Mr. A. Pemberton

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



COATS : SUITS : SKIRTS
M. & S. HAAR LTD. 24-30 GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: MUSeum 8227



JAMES & GORDON LIMITED (Wholesale only) · LONDON · W.1

For the loveliest stockings ...



always look for the name



The MODERN way
to Loveliness

Number Seven BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

FOUNDATION LOTION · FOUNDATION CREAM · COMPLEXION MILK
CLEANSING CREAM · SKIN TONIC · FACE POWDER

Obtainable only from branches of



Afternoon Model Trimmed with Self Pleating



This enchanting afternoon dress by The White House of New Bond Street, is in black rayon crepe jersey trimmed with inset bands and frills of self pleating. The long sleeves make the model especially suitable for wearing during the Autumn and Winter months.

THE WHITE HOUSE
(Linen Specialist) LTD.
51 New Bond St., London, W.1
Telephone: MAYfair 5473

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE SECRET OF LOOKING YOUNG

Mr. C. H. Willi is the author of a fascinating and interesting story of how anyone who is ageing and looking old can regain the fresh bloom of youth.

During the last 35 years he has treated successfully more than 15,000 faces, and the description of this work involving his great knowledge and experience is given with the enthusiasm derived from the success of his methods, which bring happiness, mental relief, and renewed opportunity into many lives.

Illuminating examples of the work achieved are given. The book brings hope to all men and women whose outlook on life (and consequently their personality) is blurred by unpleasant or ageing features.

Price 3/6

Obtainable through all bookstalls or direct by post from
Old Quebec House, 30 Old Quebec Street, London, W.1
Tel.: Primrose 3600



Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although
restricted in distribution by scarcity
of old stocks

**WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS**

SCOTTISH TWEEDS and HOMESPUNS

For over 150 years ROMANES & PATERSON have been showing handwoven Harris and Shetland Homespuns portraying the finest features in designs with colourings inspired from the grandeur of Scotland's mountains and moors.

PLEASE DO NOT APPLY UNLESS
COUPONS ARE AVAILABLE

Also a large selection of
CLAN TARTAN SCARVES and
NOVELTIES, and TRAVEL
RUGS IN SHETLAND WOOL

**ROMANES
&
PATERSON**
62 PRINCES STREET
EDINBURGH Tel. 21017-8

Also at 581 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

"I haven't the time"

—said Mrs. Grimes

"—to bother myself with other people's affairs."

"But sometimes other people's affairs concern one very deeply."

"That may have been so during the war."

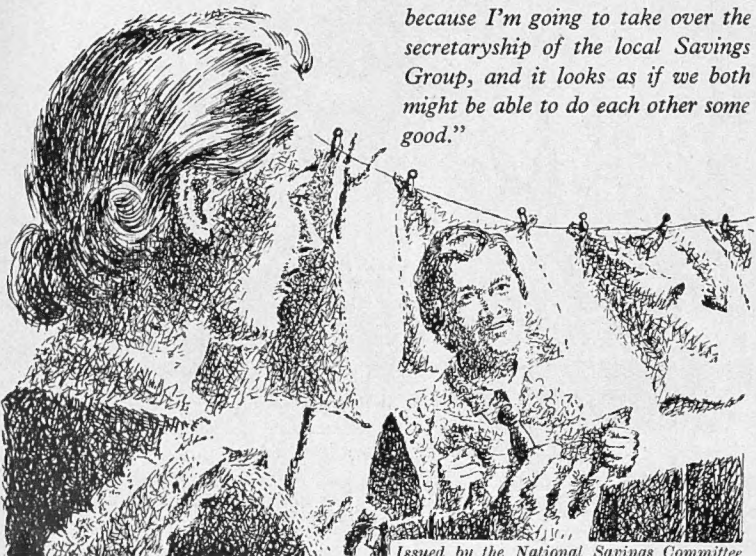
"It's the same today. We just can't afford to let up."

"Some people seem to think they can. Nobody ever bothers to call for the family savings each week nowadays, although we're still being urged to save all we can."

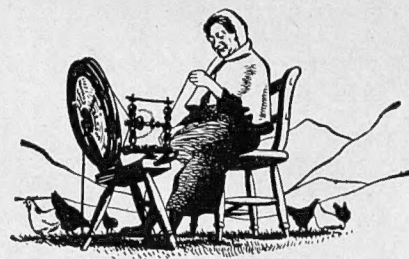
"Would you start saving again if somebody visited you each week?"

"I'd think about it."

"Well, think hard, Mrs. Grimes, because I'm going to take over the secretaryship of the local Savings Group, and it looks as if we both might be able to do each other some good."



Issued by the National Savings Committee



From Kindly Island Crofters to Sophisticated Society Ladies

Infinite care and traditional skill produce the indispensable fabric for the outdoor occasion. The hardy Island Crofters of the Outer Hebrides, plying their hand looms as their ancestors did, weave virgin Scottish Wool into the beautiful colour tones of their native mountains.

Look for the mark on the cloth



Look for the label on the garment

HARRIS TWEED

Imported by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.

H8



LILLET

Le Meilleur Aperitif de la France

It is now 20 years since George, the incomparable barman, introduced Lillet into the Guards' Club, adding just a dash of orange bitters to two-thirds Lillet—one-third Gin.

Again available
MARIE BRIZARD
& ROGER APRY

TWISS & BROWNINGS & HALLOWES
1 VINTNERS' PLACE · LONDON · E.C.4

'Quality Tells'

THE WHOLE WORLD OVER



BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., LEITH.

From Scotland to
every corner of the world



CVS 16



For very fine wines
HAWKER'S
OF PLYMOUTH

SOLE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS PEDLAR BRAND SLOE GIN



It's great to have real "French" again

NOILLY PRAT — the name that has made French Vermouth famous throughout the world is back again. Once again you'll be able to enjoy that real vermouth flavour; that zest that for so many years has been Noilly Prat's blender's own secret.

Noilly Prat is the full-strength vermouth, that's why you need a minimum of gin with it; or as any connoisseur will tell you it's robust enough to make a rather perfect aperitif on its own. Next time ask for Noilly and get true French Vermouth.

NOILLY PRAT

REAL full-strength FRENCH VERMOUTH

Imported by Wm. Chas. Anderson & Co., 8 Lime Street, E.C.3

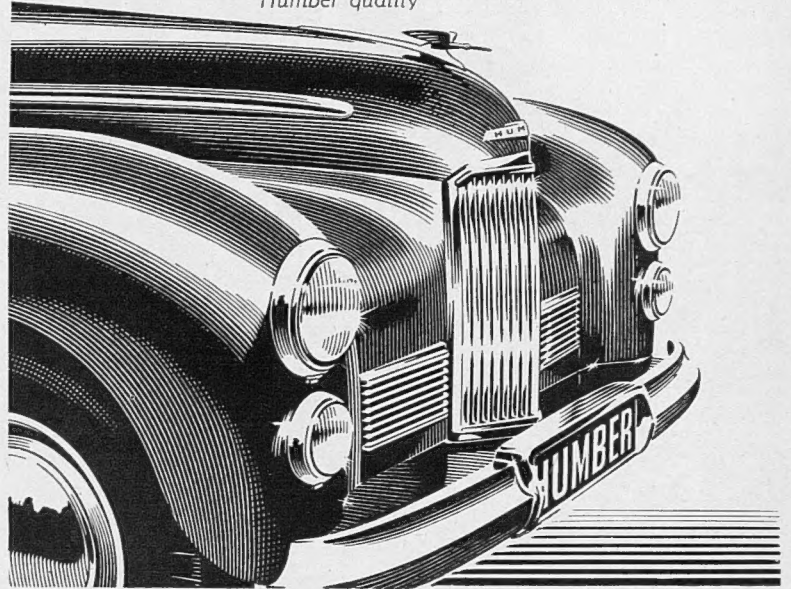
A full 6-seater . . . 5-80 m.p.h. in top gear

The New HUMBER Super Snipe



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M.
THE KING: MOTOR CAR
MANUFACTURERS HUMBER LTD

Exceptional Seating and Luggage Accommodation, with Independent Front Suspension and Synchromatic Gear Control . . . A Handsome new British car, backed by traditional Humber quality



A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

*The Prince of Wales.
Harrogate...*

**Yorkshire's
Most Distinguished Hotel**

Refurnished and modernised, the Prince of Wales, Harrogate, welcomes you again to excellent cuisine, delightfully appointed rooms and suites, and courteous, efficient service. Dancing to the Prince of Wales Resident Orchestra. Write for illustrated brochure.

Phone: Harrogate 6675-6-7.
Grams: 'Elegance, Harrogate'.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, HARROGATE

Fashion demands

Coleman

CLOTHS

SAVILE ROW

At the leading stores

Alfred Coleman (Textiles) Ltd. (Wholesale only), 52 Savile Row, W.1

LEMON HART RUM

The Golden Spirit

*With Lemon, Orange or Limes.
A Winner every time!*

POST YOUR FILMS

to **WILL R. ROSE LTD**
23, BRIDGE ST. ROW, CHESTER
133/134, HIGH STREET, OXFORD
25, THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

and get 'MAGNA' PRINTS (Regd)

The ONE and ONLY

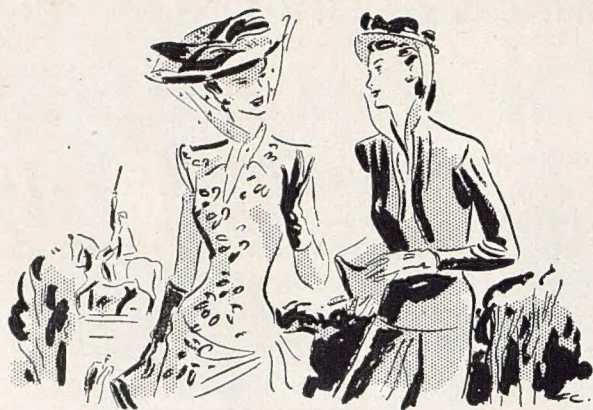
BÉNÉDICTINE

The Favourite Liqueur

SEAGERS

GIN

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE
32/4 per bottle

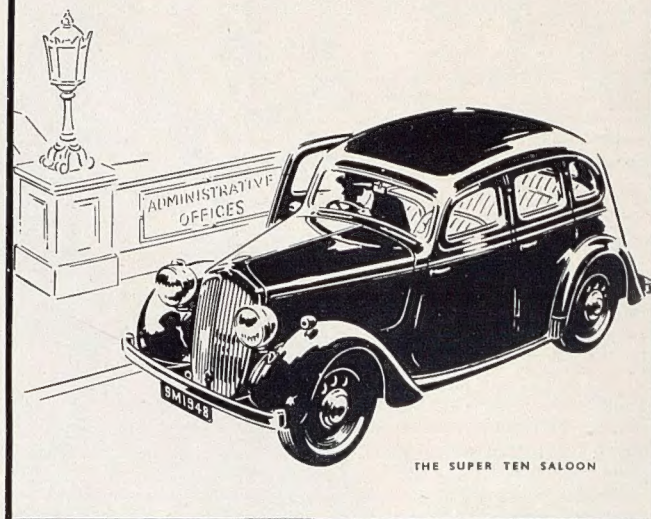


*We were at Warnes, of course...
it's the hotel on the South
Coast... You've never
seen anything like it for
comfort & service, my dear...*



WARNES OF WORTHING
Telephone Worthing 2222

*The man in the Singer
is the man in
the know*



There are three Singers—the Nine, the Ten and the Twelve. Each, as the car-wise have known for some time, is more than commonly well worth waiting for.

SINGER MOTORS

SINGER MOTORS LTD · BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY



A POLICY FOR PARENTS

THE STANDARD PUBLIC SCHOOLS POLICY

a Public Schools Policy effected now will provide
£40 a School Term
for Five years from the date when your child goes to school

Write for particulars applicable to your own age and requirements to

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Established 1825

Assets exceed £54,000,000

HEAD OFFICE

3 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH

London Offices: 3 Abchurch Yard, Cannon Street, E.C.4 and 15a Pall Mall, S.W.1

Don't be vague—
ASK first FOR
Haig

**No finer Whisky
goes into
any bottle**



**Trust THE MAN
BEHIND THE BOOT..**

Men and women who pay particular attention to their footwear have found that they can depend upon "the man behind the boot" with the utmost confidence, for comfort that is satisfying and wear that is long.

See that YOUR next pair of boots or shoes carries this famous trade-mark. Write to-day to Norwell's.



**Norwell's
of
PERTH**

Write to:—
NORWELL'S PERTH FOOTWEAR
LTD.
PERTH
Scotland